



BILLY ERYN AND GRACE GOLSON, WITH THE MATINEE GIRL CO., AT TEMPLE THEATRE TWO NIGHTS, STARTING TONIGHT, THE 8TH

#### AMUSEMENTS.

##### At the Temple Tonight.

A press notice says: At the Temple Theatre two nights, starting tonight, Wednesday, December 8, the Matinee Girl Musical Comedy company will be here with a big bunch of pretty girls, gorgeously gowned. All the latest song hits will be introduced with the big beauty chorus, and those very clever comedians, Russell, O'Neill and Gross, will handle the comedy parts, and furthermore they know how to do it.

##### Ginger Bread Men Very Popular.

A press notice says: There was much excitement at Swift's Book Store yesterday when two thousand little brown men invaded the store. They were not Japs but cute little gingerbread men who come with a peace offering in the way of telling the people of Palestine that they are sure to the advent of their little brother "The Gingerbread Man," who comes to the Temple Theatre matinee and night, Saturday, December 11, in one of the biggest and most elaborate nursery rhymes musical shows ever presented in this city. The little men come fresh from the musical bakery, and all want to go to the homes of good people of this city. It is hard to resist eating them, for you see they are so good and palatable. If you want to get one of these cunning little people go to Swift's Book Store and tell the Handsome Prince or Princess behind the counter and they will give you a Temple Theatre "Gingerbread Man."

##### Good Performance.

The management says: The northern did not keep Lyric patrons away from the show last night. A good size audience was present and witnessed a good performance. Austin and Sweet appeared in new songs and costumes, and pleased greatly. The motion pictures and music by the Trice Orchestra were up to the usual standard.

##### American College Jubilee.

Rome, Dec. 8.—Many eminent prelates and priests attended a special mass of thanksgiving today in celebration of the golden jubilee or the fiftieth anniversary of the formal opening of the American College in Rome. The college was founded in 1859 mainly through the efforts of Archbishops Hughes of New York and Kenrick of Baltimore. The formal opening took place December 8, 1859, with thirteen students registered. During the half century of its exist-

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### GETTING THEIR PART

Director—Now, young ladies and gentlemen, if you are ready I will give out the parts for the plays. Mr. Baker, I think you'd better be the father, as you have the most settled figure.

Baker—I wasn't aware that I had any figure at all. Just how is it—er—settled?

Director—I mean, of course, that you are not as slender as the other young men. You will have the part of Amariah Hedrick.

Baker—Who is to be my wife?

One of the Others—Can't you make up your mind without asking advice?

Director—I think I shall give the part of Mrs. Hedrick to Miss Adams.

Miss Adams—Oh, I—

Director—What's the trouble?

Miss Adams—Well, won't we be the long and the short of it? I am pretty tall, you know.

Director—That's true. Miss Devoe, you take that part. Now, Mr. Andrews, I—

Miss Devoe—I dislike to make objections, but you see I—

Baker—If nobody wants to be my wife I can resign the part, of course.

Andrews—Keep cool, old man.

Miss Devoe—I didn't mean that, Mr. Baker, for I'd like to be your wife.

What are you all laughing at?

Director—Why can't you take it?

Miss Devoe—Why, my hair's so light I thought I could be the daughter.

Director—Very well, then. I'll give the wife's part to Miss Fordythe.

Is there any reason why you can't take it?

Miss Fordythe—N-no. I don't think it's a very nice part, though.

Director—You can't all of you have leading parts.

Miss Fordythe—I assure you, I do not want a leading part. I merely dislike to get under the table.

Director—Getting under the table is going to be the hit of the play.

Miss Fordythe—I was afraid it would be a hit on my head.

Director—Now, Mr. Andrews, I give you the part of the Indian prince.

Andrews—My hair's too red!

Director—You'll have to wear a wig. Your costume will be the hardest of all.

Andrews—What do Indian princes wear?

Director—Oh, I don't know. Some sort of clothes.

Andrews—I'm thankful for that.

Director—You must be careful not to strut. Most amateurs strut in foreign parts.

Baker—If I ever get to foreign I shall be so proud I can't help strutting.

Miss Fordythe—Did you know he has come back from Paris?

Director—Yes, I saw her. She brought back a magnificent opera cloak. I wish you could see it. It was trimmed with a narrow—

Director—Young ladies, will you please give me your entire attention for a few moments? Mr. Hackett, will you take the part of the miser?

Hackett—Great Scott! That fellow has seven pages of talk! Besides, I don't think I could act as if I were rich. I don't know how it feels.

Director—It will come to you. Mr. Williams, I'll give you the butler.

Williams—What shall I do with him?

Miss Adams—Your best, of course.

Director—Miss Adams, you will be the pretty aunt. Miss Levering, you are to be the maid, Peggy, and—

Miss Fordythe—That's the part I wanted. It's so cute and I could have ribbon bows on my apron.

Miss Levering—I'll exchange with you, Miss Fordythe.

Miss Fordythe—Oh, thank you! You're so kind! I'll be the maid, then, and Miss Levering can be Mr. Baker's wife.

Baker (in low tones)—Just what I wanted.

Director—Very well; then that's settled. I want you all to understand, however, that I cannot permit any change of parts after tonight. Now, there's the part of the uncle, so somebody will have to double up.

Andrews—Hackett's athletic; let him do the doubling up.

Hackett—Does it begin with a hand-spring?

Baker (to Miss Levering)—I know I never should have had the courage to ask you to take that part. I've been wanting to for months and months.

Miss Levering—We haven't had the play but three days.

Baker—You know what I mean. I was afraid.

Miss Levering—Of me?

Baker—Of what you might say. When you said you were willing, just now, I took heart.

Miss Levering—This is only a preliminary rehearsal. I can play at being anything.

Baker—I am playing for keeps.

Director—I am sorry to interrupt you, Mr. Baker and Miss Levering, but I feel sure that whatever you are saying is less important than the announcement I have just made. There will be a rehearsal on Tuesday evening and everyone must know his or her part.

Miss Levering—I know some of mine.

Miss Devoe—Why, Helen! How many speeches do you know?

Miss Levering—One speech—and one answer.

Director—Well, be sure, all of you, to study hard. Good-night.

#### Societies to Help the Clergy.

There are in Great Britain about 150 societies for the relief of poor clergy, their widows and children.

### GETTING READY TO GO

Miss Belinda's sister Catherine, and Bess, Miss Belinda's niece, were helping Miss Belinda close her country home for the winter.

"You must have that lavender silk waist made over, Belinda," said stylish Catherine, as her sister laid out her wearing apparel in preparation for packing. "It's handsome material, but it's quite out of date."

"I don't believe I'll have it altered for myself," demurred her sister. "I'd rather give it to old Brita."

"Who is old Brita?"

"Why, mother," said Bess, "don't you know old Brita? She's Aunt Belinda's pet. Last Monday afternoon, while you were driving with Uncle Ben, I actually found Aunt Belinda playing the piano to old Brita, who was folding and sprinkling the clothes. And I'm quite certain that the change of the dinner hour on Mondays is for Brita's sake."

"Now, don't laugh, Catherine, at Bessie's teasing," said Miss Belinda, laughing herself. "My laundress, Brita, is a dear little old woman who insists on earning her own living around here. She cannot stay for our usual evening dinner, because she has to go home early to milk her cow, so I have dinner at noon on Mondays, and I tell Nora to give her the best of everything. She can work so much better if she is well nourished."

"Yes, of course," agreed Catherine, smilingly, for she knew her sister's ways.

"Come, mother, this is Monday, and Rita is here," said Bess. "Let's you and I have the fun of giving her the silk blouse."

They went into the laundry, where a bent, apple-cheeked old woman looked up from a blueing tub with eyes as azure as the water into which she was dipping the snowy clothes.

"Here, Brita, is something for you," said Bess.

Brita smiled broadly and, drying her hand, offered it to Bess. "Tell Miss Belinda 'thank you,'" she said. "Then after the little handshake she held the blouse at arm's length and murmured reproachfully, 'Style!'"

As they went back into the house Bess said, laughing: "And you, foolish mother, thought the waist out of date. Did you notice that she said 'Thank you, Miss Belinda?' She thinks Aunt Belinda is the only generous person in the world."

Two days later Nora, the cook, having departed, the three members of the household went into the kitchen to prepare their last meal of the season.

"Don't you think coffee would taste pretty good this rainy day?" asked Bess.

"Oh, I'm sorry, dear, but we can't have coffee," said Miss Belinda. "I gave the few pounds that were left to Sammy Nelson this morning when he was helping me dig up my dahlia roots. His mother is not well and I thought some good coffee might help her."

"Well, I can make chocolate," said Bess.

"No, we can't have chocolate," Miss Belinda looked a little embarrassed. "I let Sammy have the last cake of chocolate. The poor little chap doesn't have much candy."

"I suppose there's no tea, either?" remarked Bess, in mock despair. "You doubtless gave that away, too?"

"Yes, but I saved enough out for lunch," answered Miss Belinda brightly.

"I can make some hot biscuits to eat with the tea," said Catherine, rolling up her sleeves.

"Oh, I'm sorry I didn't realize that you'd be enterprising enough to want to make biscuits," apologized Miss Belinda, laughing. "I told Nora to take the flour and the baking powder to her grandmother with the tea and some preserves. But we have some crackers and fruit."

"Delicious luncheon—tea, crackers and grapes!" laughed Bess. "And you needn't bother to tell us, Aunt Belinda, dear, how unwise it is to leave provisions in the house and how you gave them away merely out of selfishness. We know all about that."

"You are a very saucy young person," retorted Miss Belinda, looking fondly at Bess. "Why, there comes old Brita through this storm. Bless her old heart, she wouldn't let me go away without saying 'Good-by.'"

Miss Belinda opened the kitchen door as she spoke. "Come right in, Brita. You're just in time for some hot 'tea.'"

"Thanks; I bring present this time," said Brita, proudly opening the well-wrapped box she was carrying and displaying a large white cake. "I have made for Miss Belinda angel work."

"Angel work! Look, Catherine and Bess." Miss Belinda turned from the old, happily shining eyes to her sister and niece.

"Angel work, indeed," murmured Bess.

#### Opera of Polyglot Order.

Polyglot opera is tolerated in some old world cities to an extreme that baffles the understanding of spoiled New Yorkers who may be asked to take their opera in mixed French and Italian once or twice in a season in an emergency, but not often. Le Moniteur reports a performance of "L'Attaque" in Buda-Pesth in which the Selika sang in Italian, the Nerusko in French, the other principals in German and the chorus in Hungarian. An English writer reads into this stage Babel a plea for Esperanto for opera.

—Musical America.



MISS RUTH WYNNE, BEAUTIFUL WASHINGTON DEBUTANTE.

All Washington society is talking of the beauty of Miss Ruth Wynne, second daughter of Robert J. Wynne, the former consul general to London, who is soon to make her formal debut. She is only seventeen, but already her name figures more prominently than any other miss in the list of prospective debutantes at the capital. She is even more beautiful than her sister Ida, now Mrs. French, wife of a British army officer, and Ida Wynne's beauty was the talk of London two seasons ago. Miss Ruth Wynne spent some years at school in Brighton, England, and her training is thoroughly English.

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